

## Pallbearers

Dave counters you  
can say what you want  
you still need the church

to bury you. Our priest's  
dust-to-dust fatally dried  
my mouth until booze

bloomed fortunately  
after all

the cranking down,  
the plops of flowers,

what do you hear  
from inside?

How many  
little asides  
add to the infinite

laughter?